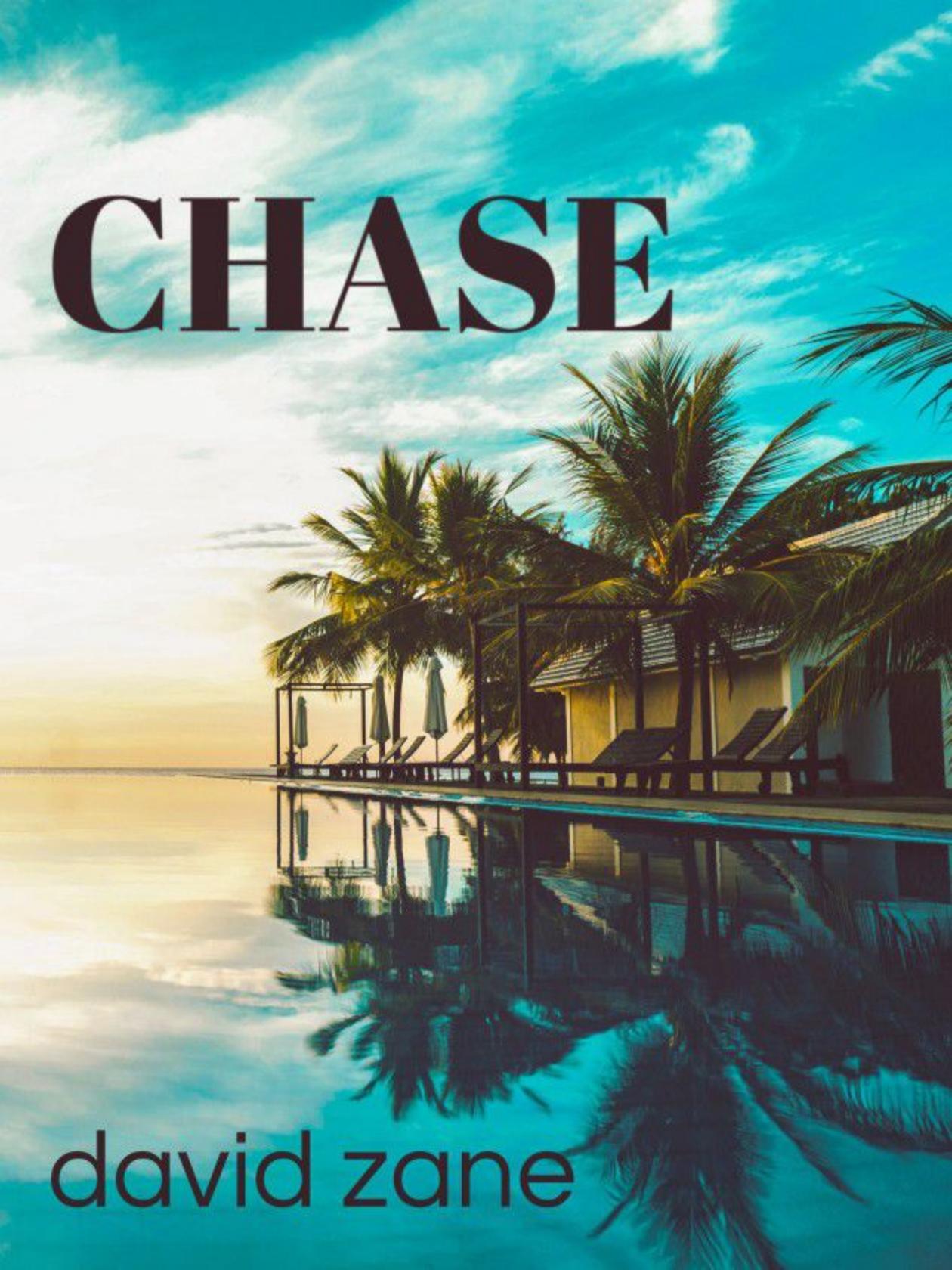


CHASE

A tropical resort scene at sunset. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue. In the foreground, a swimming pool reflects the sky and the buildings. Several palm trees are scattered throughout the scene, some in the foreground and some behind the buildings. There are lounge chairs and umbrellas on a deck area. The overall atmosphere is serene and relaxing.

david zane

Chase

-a screenplay-

by David Zane

Chase

A 60-page Pilot (shooting script basis)

Not two steps out Diego, or Danny, as his Passport says for these trips over the Canadian border... lifts up his collar and gets steely for that relentless wind. On this side of the border he's called Danny Chase, an upstanding Importer of the finest avocados and tomatoes and all their consistent grade-a scrumptiousness. The local Grocers love all his fruits and vegetables; which means both Diego and Danny have a lucrative cover for their wash-cycle.

Nine helicopters flying-in over a jungle ridge is an impressive sight on any day - add in a hot sun and churning wind that feels like fire on a lone awaiting face... and you have the start of a day that Mr. Diego Carmona will never forget. The handsome Playboy in the fitted navy suit and jet-black-slicked-back hair starts to wave in his business Partners - just ten years into the family business and Diego has a massive idea!

The first helicopter makes its way in for a landing.

And Diego and his ideas have always been determined like a pack of wolves.

“Thank you Don Carlos for coming.”

And another.

“Thank you Don Felix... thank you so much for coming.”

And then another.

“Nice to see you Don Marcos... thank you so much for coming.”

Nine helicopters sit in the distance with their Pilots gathered outside... smoking and chatting.

“Thank you everyone for coming here today, both my father and I would like to thank you for taking the time to come here today and hear our business proposal. I promise you this will be the most profitable business opportunity you will hear for many years to come. My father has given me permission to start this meeting, he thanks all of you for your well wishes and hopes to see you all very soon.”

More than a few pull out a handkerchief... and start to wipe away the perspiration.

“What we have here is a gift from the Gods... from the Gran Madre herself.”

It is furnace hot.

“Over two hundred miles of pure unspoiled mangrove with some of the best beaches anywhere in the world.”

And getting even hotter.

“Yes Gentlemen... we could be bigger than Las Vegas.”

Hotter and even more disbelieving.

“We need to think only about volume, nothing else. Our business profits must subsidize these Resorts until they can get off the ground.”

“For how long?”

“Remember Tourists have many needs.”

Each silver-haired Don starts to stand taller with greedy curiosity.

The Carmona Cartel has been functioning fine over these last four generations - cattle agriculture and marijuana of the highest quality has made everything grow like a rock-solid six percent blue chip. The Carmona Cartel is made up of ten of the most powerful families in Mexico’s Tamaulipas, Quintana Roo, and Vera Cruz regions. And don’t forget offshore oil too. Cartel families are an old tradition in Mexico, and these are the most powerful in the country by far. “This is our future, Gentlemen.”

That’s what having the biggest money-washing idea in the world can cement.

“And it is larger than anything we have done so far.”

Cash is not King anymore... cleaning cash is King!

Diego Carmona’s vision is for them to be the most powerful Cartel on the Planet... with him as their CEO.

But nobody said anything about a famous Miss Vanna Marshall being bludgeoned on that beach!

If he can pull it off Don Pedro Carmona’s oldest son Diego will be ahead of his time.

Chase is a fast-paced look inside the business pursuits of Diego Carmona’s ruthless ambition.

Act 1 / scene 1 (2008)

“How much further?”

Miles and miles of the softest white sand.

“Over here Diego.”

A nearly-full-moon shines down on waves that wash-up on one of the world’s most popular beaches.

“Just a bit more.”

Hitting the air in the most perfect key.

“Come on keep up!”

One would be hard pressed to find a more tranquil stretch of nature’s bluest heaven.

“You need to keep up!”

Making these two feel like they're in the most flawless womb.

"We've got a big problem here."

All the loungers have been neatly stacked and put away to the side...
but these damn loafers are not the right fashion choice at all...
making for quite the slipping and sliding.

"Just over here by the rocks."

But the Lieutenant's phone call came in the dead of night. And that was the closest fashion choice next to his bed. Diego's heart hasn't stopped pounding because Lieutenant Israel Morales never calls in the middle of the night!

"There is a body on the beach", was all he said.

Both men breathing heavy... the absolutely perfect breeze means nothing.

"Just a little bit more."

"Damn!", Diego's pounding heart keeps propelling his legs.

Only a few hundred yards from this amazing shoreline the reefs show-off the most unique colors. Every visiting tourist must swim-out to see its' unbelievable life; which is always the talk of the dining room along with the world-renowned food.

"Jesus!"

There isn't a human being alive who doesn't think they've been dropped in some form of ecstasy.

"God-damn it!"

Since he was a baby Diego has been coming here.

"Son of a Bitch!"

He knows how lucky he is that his family has always called this place 'home'.

"You ok?"

But it was jungle back then.

"I hate walking in these shoes in this damn sand!", trying to keep steady. From every frustrating step his blood keeps boiling... from every frustrating drop into this very unstable sand.

"We don't have far to go."

From every irritating grain that finds its' way into Diego Carmona's two-thousand-dollar loafers. "This really sucks I gotta tell you."

The wind keeps blowing.

"Not my idea of fun either, I feel like I'm on ice here."

Another humid wave crashes... sounding like it's in charge.

"You sure you saw a body out here?"

Every Travel Agent or Internet Influencer claims that all these Resorts up and down this long stretch of perfect beach is something that every one of their clients must see before they die.

"You know the flashlight on the new smartphones is pretty bright."

Don't get Diego started on those race-to-the-bottom All-Inclusives that charge half the price!

"Just over here."

And serve slop for meals!

"Over by the rocks."

Diego spends a fortune on hiring the best Chefs from all over the world. "My Lord this is a lot of work!" Both socks are full of this damn sand! Diego's Corporate Brand is all about the food... the gourmet food! Those winds and this damn sand keep sloshing around the 'too-many mugs' of alcohol that thought this was going to be just another quiet night in Paradise for a Lieutenant that has had very little to do these past few years.

"Just keep following me, Diego."

The Carmona Family has set up this stretch of booming Resorts... with an iron-clamp on anything that can get out-of-hand.

"I'm trying."

Anything.

A few minutes more... a few unstable steps more and the two of them are standing over a lifeless body. "Here."

Trying to absorb the reality.

"Right fuckin' here", pointing downwards.

Diego moves in... and kneels down. The Lieutenant shines his smartphone flashlight. Time seems to stop for the CEO of this entire

stretch of beach. The Lieutenant doesn't say a word, not one. The loud crashing only adds to the tension. "When was the body found?", trying to gain some clues by moving-in closer.

The Lieutenant moves-in too... and tilts down at a messed-up sight... a hurl your guts-out-shocker. "Thirty minutes ago." Any first-impressions as to why a beautiful blonde... *continuing to shine his smartphone light into a body whose arms and legs lay in directions one never thought possible...* why an elegantly dressed blonde is covered in blood??

"You know who this is?"

The waves keep blasting without mercy; anonymity is this resort's brand.

"Unfortunately, I do."

It is total anonymity for a price.

"I'm afraid we've got a shit storm coming our way", standing up slowly.

"I know that Lieutenant."

It is total anonymity that is offered for a set price.

Diego lets out a big sigh while he straightens. He then freezes, and with the widest eyes starts to fix into the Atlantic's wavy horizon... and keeps-on fixing as if he's got nowhere to go. "And there's not a damn thing anybody can do to stop it."

These two know that this Tropical Paradise will be crawling with cameras within twenty-four hours tops... and there's not a damn thing anybody can do to stop it!

"Get me every available man down to the Grand Caribbean right away", barking into his phone. Diego's stomach keeps doing somersaults staring at this tragedy. "Anybody been here since you found the body?", right after the Lieutenant hangs up. "I don't think so. I only came down when Javier alerted me, and I haven't left."

Slipping and sliding.

"Javier?"

Damn sand!

These two are heading right back for the Resort.

"He said he's part of the clean-up crew."

"That's right." Diego seems confused. "He must have been finishing up the fire-show we had on the beach tonight." Seeing the Lieutenant's forceful gait; Diego's heart just pounds away on his chest bone. "It was for one of the Guests." The Lieutenant is moving faster now, "This is bad... this is going to be bad", repeating to himself.

CEO Diego Carmona feels like he's falling into a dark hole... a dark and very black hole that is located somewhere inside a Grisham novel??... or worse a King calamity??

"Where were you tonight?"

He may be reeling... and sliding... but he's still aware there's going to be a light shining on him. "You're kidding me, right?" But he's also pissed!

The Lieutenant stops on a dime... and aims a squinting scowl. "I don't kid when the wife of one of the wealthiest Americans is found on the beach of a Resort that doesn't exist to the outside world."

Diego's body loses all blood flow.

"You understand me now Mr. Carmona?" Because of a crease-filled stare that is not to be messed with. "I do Lieutenant." "Good because it's nothing personal." Starting up again. "You better get used to having ugly questions directed your way."

"I was in my office since... probably from ten on." As if saying sorry.

"That can be verified?"

"Only by the computer I was working on."

Reaching the beginning of the boardwalk... the Lieutenant grabs a chair, and sits. He then removes a shoe... and starts to shake out the sand. Diego does the same... and while he does, he catches the long glow of a moon over an ocean. A beautiful sight on any night... tonight it's just plain eerie. There is a dead Patron on his beach and he has no clue how it happened??

None??

So much for anonymity.

BANG.

Jumping from the sound of a beach-chair blowing over.

"I'll need a full list of employees and guests asap, and guests of guests will be needed too."

Almost twenty years of his family's excruciatingly-hard work scrolls Diego's mind as they near the main lobby. "Of course." Instantly alert and sweating profusely.

"Good... anything you'd like to tell me before we get started on the investigation?"

They keep passing many of Diego's 'Security' men.

"I can't believe this is happening."

Diego nods at each one, saying not to worry from his face.

"Believe it Mr. Carmona."

One keeps following like he must, a burly man with a black moustache.

"Don't call me that Issie, makes me sound like a felon."

"Ok Diego... you better damn-well believe it!"

"I can't believe it, I just can't, everybody loved Mrs. Vanna Marshall."

"Love has got nothing to do with anything... anything at all when it comes to this type of money."

Their body language shows concern.

Diego knows this could be a crushing blow for the 'family'.

The scene ends with these two men walking by the main pool area of shining lights coming from inside the blue water.

Backstory

Forty five-bedroom homes methodically spread out for exacting privacy throughout a one hundred acre estate of lush tranquil Caribbean heaven, a Caribbean heaven that doesn't exist to the outside world, or to the Press most notably. Pillow-soft sand surrounded by the clearest warmest blue you could ever imagine; the Carmona family guarantees a level of privacy that the 'connected', not just the mere 'rich and famous'... can truly appreciate. Plenty is at their disposal. A fifty-

foot Yacht with a smiling Captain and many tall-tales makes the time go by easy, as they enjoy some of the world's best deep-sea fishing. Not fast enough for you... fine, then skim the waters with some speedy jet-skis and feel the rush. A private marble pool awaits when you're finally done... with panoramas that make life feel that it's just too good for words. This is serious playtime... the Carmona family has taken what was once the most densely formed jungle, and turned it into one of the most desired Resort-Cities in the world. Over two hundred marble-filled locations and counting, the Tourists keep coming... the local Airport has had a state-of-the-art glass & steel Terminal built in under two years, with gourmet dining while you wait. Shit gets done here! That's what an iron-clamp means! An ambitious twenty-nine-year-old saw the potential and risked his entire family fortune to get it all started; this is serious hospitality for serious money, sixteen million came through here last year. It is a license to print money.

"They think it and we provide it, no questions asked, just guarantee everyone's safety", to his wide-eyed Staff, "you have to make them think they can have anything they want. Our job is to have it ready when they land."

It is the largest money-washing Operation in the world... bar none.

Act 1 / scene 2 (1992)

Standing in the middle of a clear-cut area that is a few thousand feet of open space within a dense jungle. The wind suddenly picks up... and so does the noise. The thick humid rainforest sees a flock of black shiny helicopters coming in from the north... over a mountainous ridge.

A young man on the ground starts to wave his arms.

The first helicopter coming over the trees starts to make its' way in for a landing.

He is waving and smiling.

And then another.

Smiling and waving.

And another one after that.

The handsome young man in the fitted navy suit and slicked-back-jet-black hair moves towards his arriving group.

All nine choppers have now dropped-off their precious cargos.

"Thank you Don Carlos for coming."

"Thank you Don Felix... thank you so much for coming."

"Thank you Don Marcos... it is so great to see you."

This goes on until every one of these older gentlemen are greeted with the overwhelming respect of three kisses.

"Thank you for coming Don Sebastian."

Nine helicopters now sit in the distance with their Pilots gathered... chatting and smoking.

The Young Man of twenty-nine has effectively gathered his Guests into a semi-circle.

"Thank you everyone for coming here today. Both my father and I would like to thank you for taking the time to come here today and hear our business proposal. I promise you that this will be the most profitable business opportunity you will ever be presented. My father has given me permission to start this meeting... he thanks you all for your well wishes and hopes to see you all very soon."

The group of nine starts to look around... seemingly at nothing but jungle... there eyes are questioning why they are here.

More than a few pull out a handkerchief, and start to wipe away the perspiration.

"What we have here is a gift from the Gods... from the Gran Madre herself."

It is hot.

"Over two hundred miles north to south of pure unspoiled untouched jungle... with some of the best beaches anywhere in the world."

And getting hotter.

"According to my calculations we could have fifty million People coming here to enjoy the newest concept in sunshine travel, the all-inclusive vacation. Where everything is included."

An expression hits the audience.

"Yes Gentlemen, we could be bigger than Las Vegas."

Those expressions get even more disbelieving.

"Do you have any idea how much labor you're going to need for such a business?"

"Hundreds of thousands of employees."

"What does your father say about that, Diego?"

"He says the Mayan People are the kindest People he's ever met in his life."

"Such a statement??", says one with a chuckle.

"How does he know?", asks another.

"He's been bringing me here since I was a baby. In fact, he's been bringing his entire family here since the beginning. He knows this area well."

The nine men of strength start to look at each other as if a switch has been flipped.

"He has seen how the Mayan People are so quick to learn English, and how polite they are while they speak it. It's like the jungle environment has made them all nicer, he used to always say."

More strange stares at each other, anyone can see these are Powerful men not used to being confused.

"There is a limitless pool of workers here, that I can assure you."

"So you want all these new Resorts to be all-inclusive?"

"Yes I do, and here's why. Once People arrive they will not need their wallets."

"And how is that suppose to be good for business??"

"Psychology Don Adolfo, if People can eat as much as they want and drink as much as they want. Don Vicente how many acres of cattle do you have?"

"Ten thousand."

"And Don Carlos, how many acres of vegetables do you have?"

"Too many to count."

Laughing like it was a silly question... all nine of them.

"Food is not the issue, you nine men make more food than any nine men in the country."

Another laugh.

Diego is on a roll.

"Maybe in the world." A sycophantic roll. "We need to think only about volume... nothing else. Our business profits must subsidize these Resorts until they can get off the ground."

"For how long?"

"I can't say, but it needs to be long enough so we can put in all the other products that are going to be needed to satisfy our tourists."

Another look goes around.

"Tourists have many needs."

Each silver-haired Don starts to stand taller with curiosity.

Act 1 / scene 3 (2008)

The Lieutenant and Diego have entered Diego's office... it's a stylish office that any CEO with both Power and taste would design. The desk is hand carved thick wood and the chair is burgundy leather. The place looks like it could be in a Ralph Lauren commercial.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No. You have any CC cameras on the property?"

Opening his sliding patio door. Diego needs a breeze badly.

"That really wouldn't work for our Clients."

"Ya right." Reluctantly the Lieutenant agrees while moving closer to Diego.

"Although our Grand house has them."

"I'm going to need those... the last twenty-four hours at least."

Forty homes with five bedrooms and two pull-outs... which translates into twelve per address max - with no exceptions. You can't waste an invite on a hanger-on you can't stand at the best of times; occupancy limits at the Grand Caribbean are final!

"My men will be guarding the entrance 24/7."

Diego thinks it but doesn't say anything.

"All movement in and out will be monitored."

"I understand." His tone shows that he is listening.

"I hope you do."

And that he is here to help.

"Because this place is going to be plastered on the internet before you can say FAMOUS MURDER."

And not a Cartel Boss with unlimited Power.

"I know your reach, know it well, but you're going to have to let me be in charge. This is a serious Senator's wife we're talking about."

Diego's legs won't stop their shaking; all he's thinking about is his father's reaction to the brand he spent his life building.

"Damn internet doesn't help you lock down a crime scene these days!"

Gritting his teeth... he does not show the Lieutenant a thing.

"Going to be a zoo here."

Even though his stomach went into full-on revolt a while ago.

"A friggin' zoo!"

Everyone at the Resort loves to rub shoulders with the rich and famous, and the Lieutenant's no different, he's a welcomed regular at the Piano Bar. Even though Diego knows him personally, he knows he'll need to be careful about what he says to him or any other Police as of this second.

"I'm going to need to interview everybody individually."

In a few hours the madness will start.

"That could take days."

I am Diego Carmona of the famous Carmona Cartel... and I have never feared a sunrise before.

"At least. Now how do you want to do this?"

"What do you mean?" That blood-soaked sand will not leave this CEO's head.

"The order, I don't want to shut your place down here. We can rotate 'em in and out... otherwise no one will be working."

"Ya right, that's a good idea."

This is a lot of talking for Lieutenant Israel Morales, Issie... as he's affectionately known around the Resort. "Just send them to me in a steady stream."

Issie was 'hired' by Cheecho fourteen years ago.

"Sure."

He could be the life of the party when he had a few.

"What about the guests, how do you want to tackle that?"

Which was often... since this area did always run smoothly.

"We could do it by the house, unless you have a better idea?"

Vanna Marshall's bludgeoned body just won't get out of Diego's head.

"Everyone loved that woman, who would want to kill her?"

It just won't.

"I can't promise you a time limit, I have no idea how this mess is going to unfold", rubbing his chin. Power and a badge. "We'll need a private room to set-up." Power and a badge and a dead body.

"Ya sure, absolutely."

Issie lights up a cigarette with a stressed face.

After a deep draw into the ocean breeze... he blows his first puff in the direction of the open window. "My Deputies will need access to food."

Almost twenty years and this is the worst thing that's ever happened
at this blue-water bliss, the absolute worst.

"That'll be arranged."

And we're going way back when Gangsters frequented the place.
"Coffee, keep bringing coffee, that definitely needs to be close by."
The Martino family loved it here... their wives, kids, and all those
funny-dressed 'relatives'.

"I'll see to it Lieutenant."

"Thanks Diego."

Watching the Lieutenant smoke his cigarette... never has time wanted
to move slower.

Puff... Puff.

Especially with a phone call to an ailing father the second the
Lieutenant leaves.

Puff... Puff.

"We'll get through this, don't you worry."

Trust is not something Mr. Diego Carmona of the 'Respected' Carmona
name has for Lieutenant Issie Morales... he's seen way too much.
Diego's face is full of worry.

Cops and corruption mean you don't know who to trust.

The camera fades out of the office.

In a few hours this place won't feel like Paradise anymore.

*Cheechoo is the burly man with the black moustache who the camera
keeps showing is watching over his boss... from a distance and with
big eyes.*

Contact David Zane for the
entire screenplay of - **Chase**